MOORHOUSE

INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS

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SOUVENIR ALBUM OF NOTED INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS

To my friend
Laura B. Davis
Compliments
of
Lee Moorhouse.

By MAJOR LEE MOORHOUSE

PENDLETON, OREGON.

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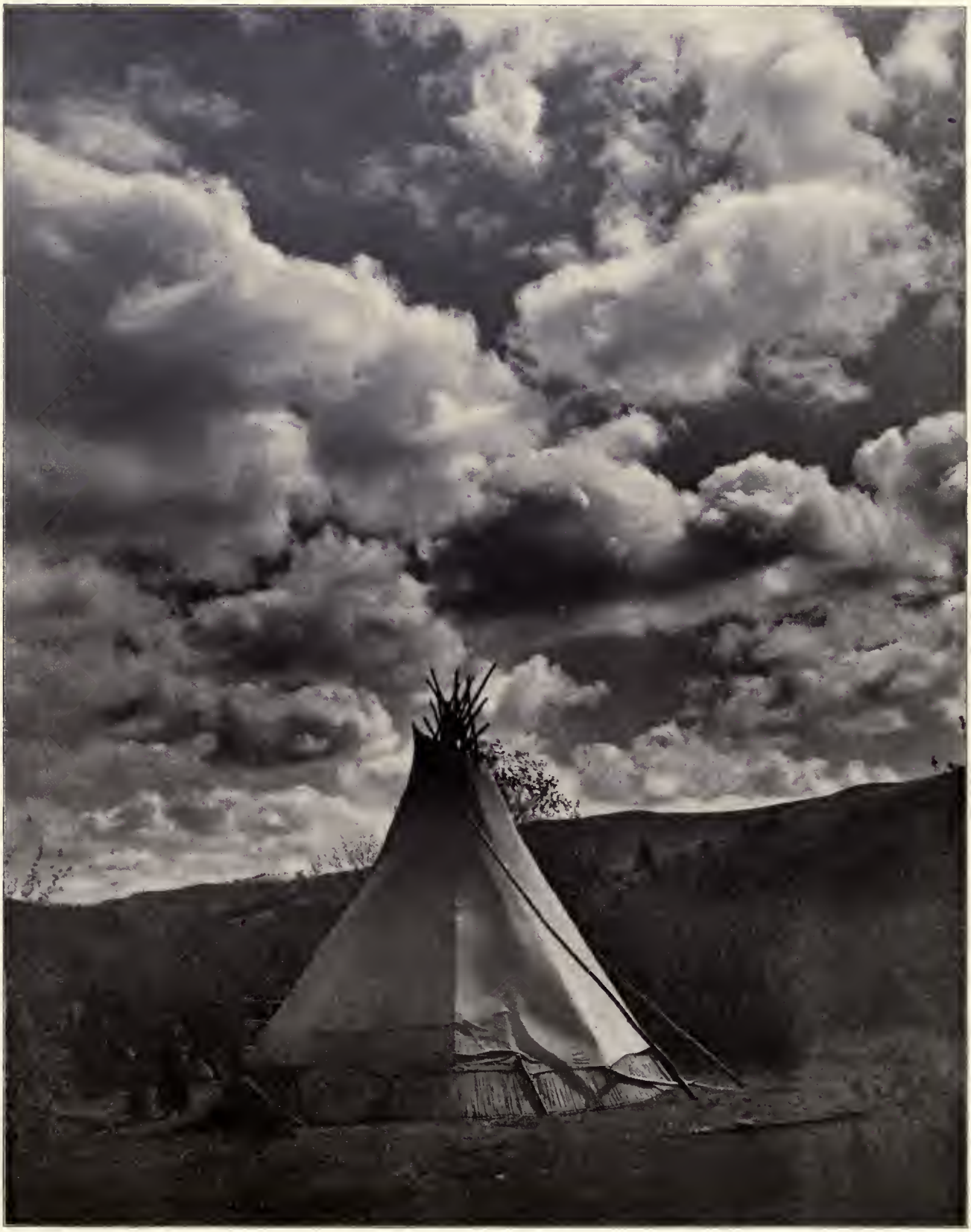
Second Edition.
PRICE, (by mail postpaid) $1.00

East Oregonian Print UNION LABEL Pendleton, Oregon

An Indian tepee in the wilderness,
The lonely outpost of a dying race
That once were strong and conquerors of men;
Perhaps some sachem, faring westward ever,
His tribe dispersed, his gaudy braves all gone,
Hath reared his nomad home in this far place.
Remote from striving men and the fierce world
Here museth he upon the days that were
Before an alien people drove him forth
And all his tribe to wander and to die;
Here museth he upon the days that were
That moveth ever toward the western sea,
Like his own driven people—there to cease.
Perhaps some Indian maiden in this place
Dreameth the blushing dreams of maidenhood,
Hopeful as youth, not thinking of the past.

—*Eustace Cullinan.*



The Lonely Outpost of a Dying Race.

The Indian's Reverie.

Darkly and moodily by the wild water,
Tossing their mists at his feet on the shore,
Dreams the lone son of the war chieftain's daughter,—
Dreams of the glory of tribesmen of yore!
Vanished the lodges that decked the green mountain,
Silent the song from the tepee and plain,
Cometh no warriors to drink from the fountain,
Cometh no shout of the huntsman again!

Yet, as he lingers in silence and listens,
There, where the Cascades make merry all day;
Watches and waits where the tinted mist glistens,
He hears the wild shouts of the children at play;
Rising before him the dim, clustered legions,
Spreading in glory upon the broad place
Teeming with warriors the desolate regions,—
Ah, in his dream he beholds the old race!

Thirsting for vengeance the fierce hosts assemble,
Wildly they're chanting the battle-mad hymn;
Ah, but the war trails beneath the hoofs tremble,
They gather like clouds on the horizon's rim!
Far in the distance the tepees are guarded;
War steeds are tethered and signal fires bright—
Down the dim trails like an eagle from heaven,
Sweeps the wild horde on the foeman at night.

* * * *

Then the closed eyes of the dreamer are opened—
Only the music and mist of the stream,
Only the mountains forbidding and lonely,
Only the flush of a heartbreaking dream.
Singing so blithely the Tumwater whispers—
"I am the voice and the spirit of yore!
Here let the redman in reverie linger,
Dream and drink deeply my song, evermore!"

—Bert Huffman.

Tumwater Falls on the Columbia River.

Wal-lu-lah.

Ere the pale face saw the Westland in its grandeur by the sea,
Lived a dusky Indian princess, fair as fairest flower to see!
By Columbia's thundering Cascades, o'er the beauteous upland plain,
Wandered lone the fair Wal-lu-lah, chanting e'er some wild refrain.

Dusky suitors thronged about her, pleaded for Wal-lu-lah's hand,
But she wept her absent lover—pointed to yon western strand!
By Columbia's murmuring Cascades, long and lone her tireless quest.
Now she sleeps, but still awaits him with her face toward the West!
Drifting sands above her mingle, happy homes bedeck her plain,
But her spirit sings and murmurs in Columbia's wild refrain.

—Bert Huffman.

Wal-lu-lah.

U-ma-pine.

Chief Joseph the Younger.

Chief Joseph the Younger, was one of the greatest Indians of the Pacific Coast, and well merits a place in history. He was hereditary chief of the Nez Perce Indians and was born at the mouth of the Imnaha river in what is now Wallowa county, Oregon, in June, 1837, and died at his lonely place of exile on the Colville reservation. in Northern Washington, on September 21, 1904, at the age of 67.

The most remarkable period in the history of Joseph's life was his conduct of the Nez Perce war in 1877. With a band of warriors, women and children, he held at bay and successfully evaded for three months the United State troops sent against him under General Howard, and was only captured at last at Bear Paw Mountain, in Northern Montana, by the intervention of Colonel Nelson A. Miles, with a strong force of fresh troops from Fort Keogh, Montana.

The retreat and running fight of Joseph's band of warriors in this war was the most remarkable in the history of Indian warfare. He was held a prisoner of war from the time of his capture in 1877, until his death, having spent nine years in the Indian Territory. He was never allowed to look upon the Wallowa valley for which he fought the Nez Perce war. Joseph, and his brother, Olicut, inherited the name and power of his father. Old Joseph called the two sons to his death bed and requested them to hold forever the beautiful Wallowa valley, in Oregon, and it was in defense of this valley and protest against its settlement by the whites that the famous Nez Perce war was fought.

Joseph was a wise and just Indian and was as resourceful in council as in war, and the one burning desire of his life was to look upon the valley of his youth which his father had left him as a heritage and for the defense of which Joseph the Younger became a prisoner and an exile from his people. He died on the Colville reservation, surrounded by a band of his intimate friends who never deserted him. A splendid monument erected by the state of Washington now marks his grave.

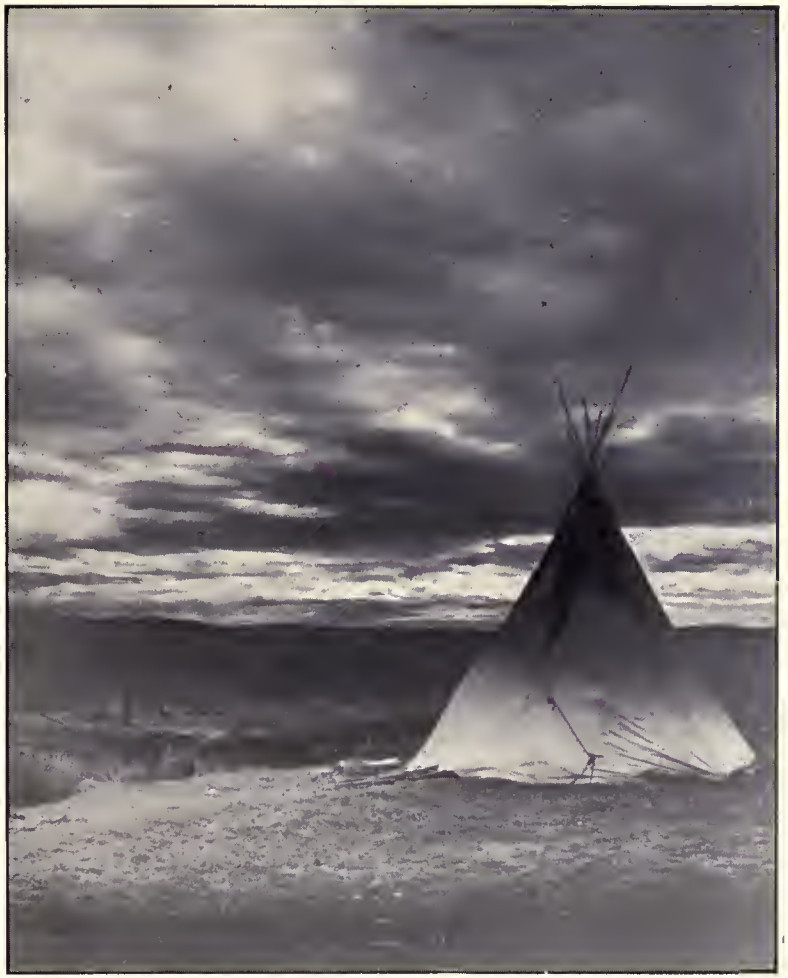
Chief Joseph of Nez Perces.

Paul Show-a-way, Hereditary Chief of Cayuses.

The Lone Tepee.

How cold and bleak the barren wastes appear;
No singing birds, no beauteous flowers to greet
The dying year with clouds of fragrance sweet.
No fresh surprise, no kindling, keen delight—
Only the weight of fast descending night,
Only an awe, almost akin to fear.
Afar the sun and far the gloomy sky,
And silence, save for whispers, all around;
No graceful trees, no brooks go laughing by,
No signs of life; no merry, joyful sound.
Cold and deserted, 'gainst the sombre sky,
The lonely tepee of a brave appears;
We pass in silence with a whispered sigh,
And offer all we have—our tears!

Statue in Bronze.



The Lone Tepee.

Lament of the Umatilla.

I.

Spirit of the Yesterday
Hovers near and croons;
Brings my heart the hunting grounds
Of the long lost Junes!
Sings of years forgotten,
Chants of races dead—
Weep my wond'ring baby,
For the good moons fled!

II.

By the silvery river
All your race has died
Sleep and dream my baby,
By its lisping tide!
Comes no more the huntsman
From the glorious chase—
O'er yon templed mountains
Swarms the paler face!

III.

Hark! I hear a whisper
Calling from the past!
Hear the warrior's frenzied cry
On the tempest cast!
Hush, my heart, and listen!
Calling, calling still!
Ah, 'tis but the moaning wind
O'er the silent hill!

IV.

Hark! the hurried hoofbeats
Of the warrior band!
Ah, my heart betrays me
In this empty land!
Sleep and dream, my baby,
By the tepee fire!
Nothing for thy kindling hope—
Nothing to desire!

V.

Broken, let thy young heart ache!
Crushed, thy spirit brood!
What to thee the white man's ways?
Worse than solitude!
By a dying watch fire,
Crooning in the night—
Let be vanquished tribesmen
Pass from human sight.

—Bert Huffman.

Indian Mother and Babe.

SACAJAWEA.

The following poem, written by Bert Huffman, editor of the East Oregonian, of Pendleton, Oregon, and dedicated to the Shoshone Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains, was first published in the East Oregonian in May, 1904, and since that time has been published in all the leading papers in the East and Northwest, besides having been recited over 200 times in women's club meetings and Sacajawea Monument Association entertainments. It was recited by Mrs. George H. Pettinger at the unveiling of the Sacajawea monument at the Lewis and Clark Fair, Portland, Ore., on July 6, 1905:

Behind them toward the rising sun
The traversed wildernesses lay—
About them gathered—one by one
The baffling mysteries of their way!
To Westward, yonder, peak on peak
The glistening ranges rose and fell,—
Ah, but among that hundred paths
Which led aright? Could any tell?

Brave Lewis and Immortal Clark!
Bold spirits of that best Crusade,
You gave the waiting world the spark
That thronged the empire-paths you made!
But standing on that snowy height,
Where Westward yon wild rivers whirl,
The guide who led your hosts aright
Was that barefoot Shoshone girl!

You halted by those dim arcades—
You faltered by those baffling peaks—
You doubted in those pathless glades,
But ever, ever true she speaks!
Where lay the perilous snows of Spring,
Where streams their westward course forsook,
The wildest mountain haunts to her
Were as an open picture-book!

Where'er you turned in wonderment
In that wild empire, unsurveyed,
Unerring still, she pointed West—
Unfailing, all your pathways laid!
She nodded towards the setting sun—
She raised a finger toward the sea—
The closed gates opened, one by one,
And showed the path of Destiny!

The wreath of Triumph give to her;
She led the conquering Captains West;
She charted first the trails that led
The hosts across yon mountain crest!
Barefoot, she toiled the forest paths,
Where now the course of Empire speeds.
Can you forget, loved Western land,
The glory of her deathless deeds?

In yonder city, glory crowned,
Where art will vie with art to keep
The memories of those heroes green—
The flush of concious pride should leap
To see her fair memorial stand
Among the honored names that be—
Her face toward the sunset still,—
Her finger lifted tywards the sea!

Beside you on Fame's pedestal,
Be hers the glorious fate to stand—
Bronzed, barefoot, yet a patron saint,
The keys of empire in her hand!
The mountain gates that closed to you
Swung open, as she lead the way,—
So let her lead that hero host
When comes their glad memorial day!

Sac-a-ja-wea, Lewis and Clark's Shoshone Indian Guide.

Pe-tow-ya, a Cayuse Patriarch.

PE-TOW-YA, a Cayuse squaw of the Umatilla reservation, lived to be 114 years of age, having died on the reservation near Pendleton in 1902.

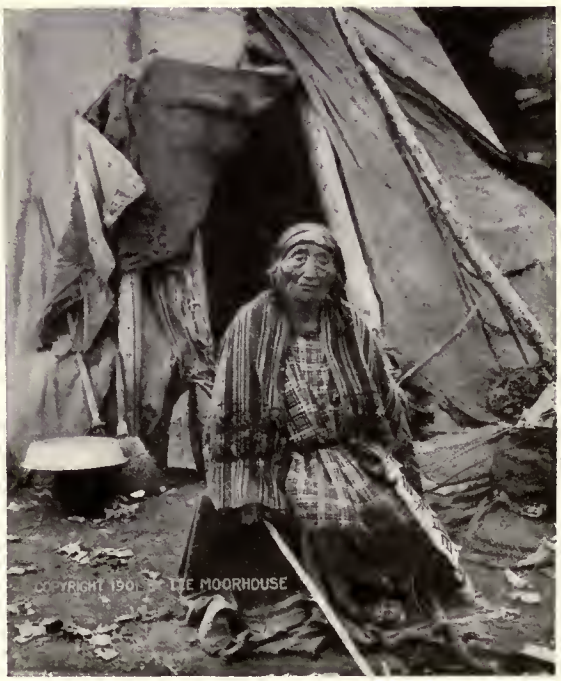
She remembered having seen the Lewis and Clark expedition as it passed eastward up the Columbia river after having spent the winter near Astoria. She once related to Major Lee Moorhouse her remembrance of York, the colored servant who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition. She said that although she was but a girl of 12 or 13 at the time, she ventured to get close enough to the big black man to wet her finger tips and rub his skin to ascertain if it was real skin or just a paint on the negro. Her wonder was excited when she found that it would not "rub off."

She was reared in the vicinity of Pendleton, Umatilla and Wallula and was finally allotted on the Umatilla reservation, where she passed the last years of her life. She was the last of the old Cayuse tribe to speak the pure Cayuse language. This limpid language was formerly one of the most widely spoken of any of the Indian languages in the Northwest.

Tots-homi, "Good Man."

Peo, Chief of Umatillas.

Ip-na-sol-a-tok.



Pe-tow-ya, Cayuse Woman who Remembers Lewis and Clark.

Dr. Whirlwind.

Dr. Whirlwind, or Shap-lish, one of the most prominent and historic Indian characters in the West, is now 81 years old and is yet as straight as an arrow and shows his great age but slightly.

He was born on the banks of the beautifu Umatilla in 1824, and when the Whitman massacre occurred in 1847, was a young man of 23. He knew Dr. Whitman and when the news of the massacre reached the Umatilla river where Whirlwind lived, he was one of a party of friendly Indians to go to the mission and verify the truth of the report of the massacre. He remembers the awful scene which met the gaze of the friendly Indians as they neared the burned mission. The murdered victims were scattered about the premises and the once prosperous and happy mission was in ruins.

Whirlwind says that is was not the Indians who incited the murder of the Whitman party, and grows indignant when he speaks of that tragedy.

During the "Sheepeater" campaign in the Salmon river mountains in Idaho, in 1879, Whirlwind was chief of scouts for the United States government and was instrumental in capturing that murderous band of renegade Indians.

With 20 faithful Indian scouts, in which party were a number of still living Umatilla Indians, including Peo, Captain Sum-kin, Talou-kiakts, Seu-sips, To-ki-e-kan and Homily, accompanied by Lieutenant Farrow and five white soldiers, Whirlwind went into the almost inaccessible mountains on Salmon river in Northern Idaho, and after a hard chase in which brilliant Indian strategy was used on his part, succeeded in capturing the entire force of the murderous "Sheepeaters."

The "Sheepeaters" were renegade Snake river and Piute Indians which infested the rugged mountains and raided the scattering settlements, murdering whites and stealing stock on every hand. White soldiers had tried in vain to capture or dislodge the murderous band, but it was not until Whirlwind and his Umatilla scouts invaded the fastnesses that they were captured.

Dr. Whirlwind.

Princess Etna.

Fish Hawk, Head War Chief of Cayuses.

Wap-a-ne-ta, the Belle of the Umatilla.

The Song of the Bow.

To the Master of all the woods I came
Where a forest monarch stood.
"O, give me," I cried, " for a warrior's fame
A bow of the sacred wood;
Of the sacred cedar that lifts and sings
On the high reared cliff where the eagle wings."

Then the God of the Forest answered me:
"O, son of a prophet's line,
Not only a bow from the sacred tree,
But the song of it, too, be thine,
The voice of the cedar thy bow shall own
To sing all songs that the air hath known."

I climbed to the cliff where the eagles nest
And clave at the cedar's hide:
I ripped me a rib from its bleeding breast
And bore it away in pride:
I hewed it and shaped it from noon till noon,
And it shone in my eye like a new-born moon.

And now if I rest in the purple light
When the Autumn day is done,
Or follow the panther up mountain height,
Or steal where the wild deer run,
Or fly with my steed, or plunge in the sea,
My bow hath ever a voice to me.

My bow sings ever in sun and rain,
As soft as the river's flow,
To tell of the spirits of wood and plain
That only the soul may know,
Till my hands on the stars of the sky take hold
And all of the world to my heart I fold.

—Charles Eugene Banks.

Princess We-a-lote, Cayuse Maiden.

Way of the Umatilla.

The Umatilla laughing and singing,
Flows to the Columbia below
Among the tall pines like a silver thread
As a wayward child to it's mother is led
To the Bridge of the Gods it would go.

Mayhap the river is seeking
As we of earth seek higher spheres—
Like the children of earth it is jostled and tossed
On the pathways of fate till its yearning is lost
In the far away ocean of years.

—Lula R. Lorenz.

Scene on Columbia River.

Indian Camp on Umatilla Reservation near Pendleton, Oregon.

The Medicine Man.

Alone he stands in primal solitude,
In grace a child, in majesty a king,
Afar his people wait nor dare intrude
Where he invites the spirits counseling.
Long days of fasting in the solemn wood;
Long nights of gazing on the tranquil stars,
Have purified the passions in his blood
And made a Moses of a son of Mars.
An instrument of twice ten thousand strings
To Nature's rythm delicately attuned,
He trills responsive to the noiseless wings
Of messengers with whom he has communed.
Then suddenly a subtle essence flows
Through all his being, and he all things knows.

—Charles Eugene Banks..

Wa-tis-te-me-ne, "Head Man of the Cayuses."

Camp of Indians on

Umatilla Reservation.

Umatilla County—Old and New.

It is late October. The noonday sun still retains suggestions of its mid-summer ardor but the mornings and evenings have a touch of the north—a hint of frost is in the air. Perfect days are followed by no less perfect nights.

Before the sun has disappeared behind the bare brown hills the full round moon looks palely from the eastern sky. The air is hazy and in the west the clouds are banked in heavy masses of beauty. With their everchanging tints which constantly merge and blend into new color schemes they are fair as an artist's dream. Dusk does not follow twilight; instead there comes a milder day of moonlight and starlight. Here on these rolling hills of Eastern Oregon the stars seem nearer and brighter than elsewhere.

Pause for a moment on the summit of this little knoll and look about you. In all directions may be seen the golden stubble or the rich brown of the newly-plowed earth. No need to turn to the musty pages of your histories to read of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" that famous meeting place of the French and English kings, for here before you, mile on mile, toward the far horizon stretches a limitless field of gold. Not only is the high wheat stubble golden in its autumn dress, but to the farmer it has yielded a rich store of gold, for these fertile fields are well termed "golden acres."

Turn your gaze southward. Scattered across the well-worked field are sacks of grain. They look like soldiers lying where they fell as they charged across the plowed ground. A seeder is making half-mile trips back and forth across

Alice Pat-e-wa, Umatilla Belle.

the field, leaving in its wake long rows of mathematically straight lines where it has deposited the wheat. Here it will lie awaiting the vivifying. life-giving touch of Nature's kindly forces - the sun and the rain, the frosts and the thaws.

Here and there is a field of Fall-sown grain already showing a touch of vivid emerald against the rich brown earth. Ere long it will settle down for its long sleep of winter, protected by its coat of eiderdown, its snowy mantle. Next May will see the tiny shoots knee high, full of ripening beauty before the breezes of spring. But now, one must plant in faith and in faith see the heavy-headed grain of the summer to come. Now Nature is at rest. After a season of growth and fruition, after a bountiful harvest Nature has paused before her Winter trance. She sits in the gloaming with folded hands after the heat and stress of her summer day's work. She is basking in the mellow beauty of a calm and restful Indian Summer. Thistle down and milk weed seed drift by toward unknown harbors. From every gatepost stream the tiny cables of the busy spiders. The sheen and shimmer of silver is seen where the sunshine glints on the interlacing threads that run from weed to weed. The thick-standing stubble is a gleam with the filmy gossamer lace-work. Here by the stream one may see Nature's annual miracle. Here Nature, the greatest and most ancient of alchemists, has transmuted the green of the leaf into gold or crimson. Moses saw the burning bush aflame yet unconsumed. Here we see the miracle reproduced a thousand fold.

Against the grey trunks and yellow leaves of the poplar, the sumacs flame a vivid crimson ablaze with color yet unconsumed. The haw

Yakima Sally.

and chokecherry are glad in Highland plaid. Against their many-hued coats the purple clusters of the elderberry stand out sharply. Here on the grassy banks of the Umatilla are a group of smoke-stained tepees, from which the smoke is curling up. By yonder spring Whirlwind was was born four score years ago, long before the first wagon creaked its way across the unknown desert to the shores of the western sea. The Indians are here yet, picturesque, dignified, but the old regime has passed away.

The French Canadian trapper and his batteau are both dust. The Hudson Bay trader and his buckskin-clad men have taken the long trail, the one-way trail whose travelers return no more. The war path and the buffalo are both but memory. About the lodge fire the chief dreams of the departed glory of his tribe. His lodge fire died down to embers. Soon he too will go over the divide to the happy hunting grounds to the land of the departed. Where Peo ruled the council of his braves the school house of the paleface stands. Where the beaver built his dam now gleams the pumpkin among the shocked corn. Here as of old the magpies are chattering in the patch of sarvis berry bushes. A bob white skurries to shelter beneath the brush. The red apples are gleaming redly from their carpet of orchard grass, the amber liquid flows from the cider press, the big bronze turkeys are strutting in the barnyard. Plenty and prosperity reign in old Umatilla.—Fred Lockley.

Yakima Indian Mother and Babe.

The Mound on the Hilltop.

In the coulee below me are half a dozen tepees. Here and there may be seen a squaw gathering firewood, while the men, vivid patches of color in their gaudy blankets, sit in front of their lodges smoking in dignified silence. Near at hand the ponies are grazing. On the crest of the hill are several small mounds.

When I gain the crest of the hill I find the mounds to be graves. Here is a little mound. Upon it lies a few simple toys and a pair of tiny moccasins. Here some Indian mother has left her little one, part of her very life. She has gone down from this hilltop leaving her baby here, bearing in her heart a wound that time may heal, but the scar of which will ever remain. Her little one that had scarcely been out of her sight—to leave it on this lonely hilltop alone!

As she lays the little muccasin and clothing upon the grave, as she puts the playthings there, what are her thoughts? Her little one will be lonesome in that far land in that great beyond. The spirit of these things that he knew and loved here will go with him to serve him in the happy hunting grounds. Since he has gone she often looks at the western skies when they are tinged with the glory of the dying day. Far in the West, beyond the sunset, in that unknown land of the spirts, is her child.

Her arms are so empty—she stretches them out toward the mysterious West. Her eyes are dim, her cheeks are wet. This little one was to have been a great warrior. How proud she would have been of him! The red in the West fades to neutral tints of grey. The wind arises as the twilight falls. Far off she hears the long drawn mournful wail of a dog. She draws her blanket close about her and with bowed head she leaves the hilltop. Slowly darkness gathers and blots out the rounded mounds.

—Fred Lockley.

Rosa Summer Hair and Papoose.

The Old Emigrant Road.

Aged and desolate, grizzled and still,
It creeps in slow curves round the base of the hill;
Of its once busy traffic is left little trace,
Not a hoof-print or wheel-track is fresh on its face.

Rank brambles encroach on its poor, ragged edge,
And bowlders crash down from the mountainside ledge;
The elements join to efface the dim trail,
The torrents of springtime, the winter's fierce gale;

Yet, with pioneer sturdiness, patient and still,
It lingers and clings round the base of the hill:
Outlasting its usefulness, furrowed and gray,
Gaunt phantom of Yesterday: haunting To-day.

—*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

Wo-ho-pum and Papoose.

The Chinook Wind.

White and cold was the robe that lay
Over the Oregon hills away;
Coldly the mountain's lifted face
Gleamed in its wintry crown's embrace.
The white-robed hill as a sentinel stands
Like a waiting nun with folded hands:
Hushed is the pulse of the singing stream,
Coldly brilliant the forests gleam;
Wierd and ghastly, with frozen lips
The earth from its flagon of Silence sips;
The heart of the hills beats low, beats low,
For cruel and heavy its burden of snow;
The voice of the hills is faint, is faint,
But never is lifted in sad complaint,
For a patient jade is the humble earth
Meekly waiting the Springtime's birth!
And then on the western sea afar,
The Gate of the Winds is left ajar,

And softly stealing on timid wing,
A soft wind comes from the Garden of Spring!
And oh, the kiss of her passionate mouth,
Warm with the breath of the languorous South!
And oh, the touch of her thrilling hand,
Soft as a lover's upon the land!
She steals to the wintry tyrant's lair
And tangles her fingers into his hair;
Her hot breath kisses his pallid cheek—
His lips of Silence in wonder speak!
And oh, how the quivering touch of her hand
Stirs and awakens the pulseless land!
And oh, how the heart of the world leaps wild
By the warm Chinook of the West beguiled!
For Life and Wonderment, Joy and Spring
Are the gifts that her pinions ever bring!

—*Bert Huffman.*

Captain Sumkin, Chief of Indian Police.

FAIR OREGON

I know not whence thy mystery came,
Nor whence the magic of thy name,
Thou haunted land of whispering pine,
Whose heart beats answer unto mine!
So near to thee my spirit dwells,
Its every mood mine own foretells;
Thy very shadows have the art
Of leaving imprint on my heart,
And where thy myriad minstrels sing
There doth my answering antbem ring!
Thou sainted land where sleep the brave
Crowned and embraced by cloud and wave,
For thee I would all perils meet,
For thee the wildest deserts greet,
Or breast yon sea where hearts grow faint,
Or barefoot, thread without complaint,
The fartherest borders 'neath the sun
If but for thee it needs be done!

—Bert Huffman.

Indian Summer.

Moorhouse Collection of Indian Curios.

The article prized most highly by Major Moorhouse, and which stands at the head of the list of curios in his large collection of Indian relics and curios, is a buckskin war dress, elaborately beaded and decorated with a large number of scalp locks, both Indian and white. One lock attracts unusual attention because of its soft brown color and is undoubtedly that of a white woman.

The history of this suit is that in a battle between the Crows and Sioux Indians near Fort Union, Mont., in 1865, a Sioux chief wearing this suit was killed by the Crows.

Lieutenant Charles Buckner, Co. I, 30th regiment Wisconsin volunteers, was with the Crows in the battle, and because of his bravery the Crows stripped the suit from the dead war chief of the Sioux and after arraying Buckner in it, presented it to him in token of the esteem of the victorious Crow warriors.

Major Moorhouse secured the suit a number of years ago from members of Lieutenant Buckner's family in Pendleton.

The suit consists of a buckskin garment for the body, beaded and decorated with scalps, an otter skin cap or head dress and a large otter skin qui-

Tats-homi.

ver for arrows and with the suit is seen the dead chieftain's strong and artistic war bow, with which he was able to pierce the body of a man at 50 yards.

It is highly prized by Major Moorhouse because of the fact that it has seen actual service and was worn by a murderous Sioux, who was perhaps a terror to the white settlers for years on the Montana frontier.

Another war suit now owned by Major Moorhouse is one worn by Young William Sitting Bull, a nephew of Sitting Bull, and supposed to have been in the Custer massacre. It is an elaborate suit of buckskin with ornaments and grotesque art and is a valuable possession.

A historic war bonnet worn by the Peo family, including Chief We-nap-snoot, father of the present Chief Peo of the Umatillas, and also by Peo himself, in his palmy days on the Umatilla reservation, is another highly prized possession in the Moorhouse collection. The family of chieftains to which Peo belongs, was historic in the inland emprire and took part in making history and for this reason the war bonnet, an heirloom of the family, has great historic value.

It is made of eagles feathers and reaches from the head to the ground, when the wearer is sitting on horseback, making it an imposing and artistic dress.

A number of other beautiful and elaborate war bonnets are found in the collection, many of which have historic interest because of the part

Stella Tu-slap, Belle of the Cayuse Tribe.

Princess Eat-no-meat.

Sally Chapman.

Young Chief.

they have played in the wars of the west.

Another article of peculiar interest is the dress of an old Indian woman, a most elaborate garment, ornamented with beads sold by the Hudson Bay trappers on the Pacifice coast 75 years ago, and not seen in any markets on the Pacifiic coast for the past 50 years

It required months to make this buckskin suit, because of its tedious bead work and intricate parts, and since it represents the better workmanship of the Indians of the Umatilla reservation almost a century ago, it has intrinsic value.

A wedding robe of black velvet, trimmed with pink satin and beautifully beaded in fantastic figures and designs, and decorated with hiqua shells, is another valuable relic of the old-time Indian of the inland empire. This robe is made full length, and while the colors and figures are strikng, it would scarcely be selected by a modern bride as part of her trousseau,

Representing in the highest degree the handiwork of the Indian women of the northwest, is a large collection of grass caps and baskets and an especially fine collection of baby boards, or Indian cradles, made of buckskin and beautifully beaded. The skill and taste shown in construction of the baby boards is remarkable, and this is a very valuable part ot the Moorhouse collection.

Peculiar interest attaches to a cavalry sword from the Custer battle fiield. This relic was presented to Major Moorhouse by Col. E. S. Godfrey, formerly of the famous Seventh cavalry, who secured it from a Sioux chieftain soon after the Custer battle.

Columbia River Medicine Man.

Securing Indian Photographs.

YEARS of close friendship, association and confidence are necessary to secure photographs from the Western Indian tribes. They are extremely superstitious and strangers may spend weeks before getting a picture worth developing.

The women and children have an especially strong prejudice against the camera and it is not uncommon to see them turn their backs upon the amateur photographer who goes among them snapping promiscuously. After close acquaintance they become more reconciled to it, but even then are usually more or less afraid of its mysteries.

On the reservation in their native surroundings the Indians are stolid, taciturn, haughty and unyielding toward the stranger who goes among them with a photographic outfit. It is well nigh impossible to secure consent to photograph an Indian unless the artist is vouched for by some one in the confidence of the Indian.

And after you once have gained the entire confidence of the Indian and can secure a pose at your request, then the trouble has only actually begun.

Although the Indian wears but few garments, yet each must be in exact place, without a flaw, wrinkle, or crooked line. The hair must be arranged in the most fastidious manner, the moccasins must be immaculate and the clothes "just so."

It requires at least three hours for an Indian woman to prepare properly to have her picture taken. If a white woman used as long a time in proportion to the number of garments worn, it would require a day to properly array her for pose.

The Indians, both men and women, are extremely vain and give much attention to their personal appearance when posing for a picture. The women stain their faces more or less and put on all the gaudy beads, decorations, shining spangles and bright colors at their command.

The men bring out their newest blankets and comb and braid their hair with great care before submitting to a pose. After an Indian once becomes infatuated with the idea of having his photograph taken, it becomes a mania. He then visits the studio of the photographer friend frequently and is always willing and even anxious to pose.

Such cases, however, are extremely rare. Most of the members of the various tribes shun the camera, and it is only through the most tactful management that a natural, unembarrassed pose can be secured.

Sins of the Redman

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